

FARLAND THE WIZARD, THE MAN OF MAGIC ART.

Caresses His Banjo and It Sings and Croons in Accents Divine, to an Enraptured Audience.

There is no longer any question as to who and what is the "Eighth Wonder." It is Farland. He is a phenomenon and not to be judged by ordinary human standards. A man who can take a primitive, semi-barbaric instrument, that years ago, until Farland came, was thought to be inseparable from the "plantation" and limited to a mere sort of gruesome accompaniment to ragtime music, and transform it into a concert instrument, capable of producing the most difficult classics that have been written for piano, violin or orchestra, and impart to the instrument all the sweet and delicious tones of the violin, cello and harp, is a man apart, a genius, and one who has created a musical epoch. This Farland has done, and his like never was, and may never be.

This conception measures the richness and rarity of the treat some four hundred of our music lovers had at the Hall last night, while sitting under the magic spell of this wizard, for two rapturous hours.

It is impossible to describe Farland's art, for the reason that we are necessarily out of the pale of human standards. If it were "Sambo" with his simple plunkty-plunk-plunk, the task would be easy. But here is a man so far removed from Sambo as to have nothing except the instrument in common with him. It is no longer the banjo that we hear, in Farland's hands, but the violin, the cello, the harp, and even the more mellow of the brasses and wood winds. But more than this, we hear the human voice. Wasn't that rendition of Last Rose of Summer and Suawnee River Patti or Nillson?

And these wonderful string imitations and reproductions. Did you hear Sarasate and Ysaye and Kubelik in the Adagio from the Sonata Pathetique, the lovely caustabile in the Chopin Funeral March and other numbers; and did you hear the cello here and there, and did you hear the harp as distinctly and sweetly as it was ever played in some of the variations to "Alice Where Art Thou?"

You did, and we all did, and this is what makes Farland's art so utterly apart and beyond the range of all recognized standards.

Any attempted analysis, we repeat, is in vain. Farland is beyond us. He walks the earth alone, as did Orpheus of old. As the infinite is inconceivable, unthinkable, so is Farland's art beyond the human grasp. The program was of the highest order, and in running over the whole range of the classics it would be difficult to hit upon more pleasing selections, embracing as they did among others, a transcription from Faust, Chopin's Funeral March, Adagio from Sonata Pathetique, Allegro from overture to William Tell, Liszt's Second Rhapsody, Schubert's, "Hark, Hark, the Lark," with a delicious interspersing of the Slav authors and others of the modern school. The popular taste was appealed to in such numbers as Dixie, Suawnee River and Last Rose of Summer.

All in all it was an evening among the stars, and can never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune, or rather the good judgment to be present.

—Herald, Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 22, 1904.

"MORE AMAZING THAN KUBELIK."

—Boston Transcript, Dec. 18, 1901.

**"MORE MARVELOUS THAN
PADEREWSKI."**

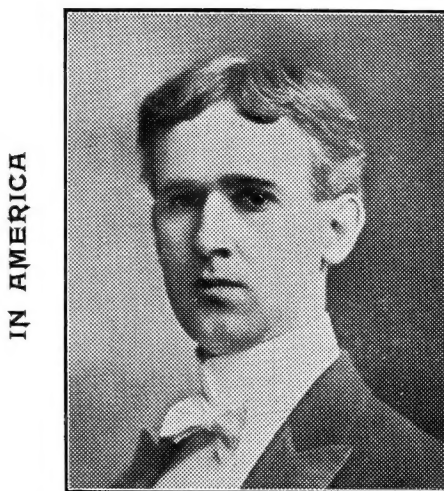
—New London Telegraph.

"MORE ENJOYABLE THAN YSAYE."

—Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette.

THIRTEENTH SEASON - - - - 1904-5.

TWELVE YEARS OF UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS



IN
AMERICA

AND
ENGLAND

**MR. ALFRED A. FARLAND
OF NEW YORK CITY.**

"The World's Most Wonderful Artist-Musician."

**"IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE
FARLAND'S POWER. * * * THE
BANJO'S OLE BULL."**

—San Francisco Examiner, Sept. 18, 1894

**"MOST FULLY SUSTAINED HIS BIG
REPUTATION."**

London (Eng.) Era, May 16, 1903.

**"HE CAME, HE SAW, HE CON-
QUERED."***THE WHOLE HOUSE
ROSE TO HIM AND APPLAUDED
HIM RAPTUROUSLY."**

—London (Eng.) Banjo World, June, 1903.

Read the Remarkable Review of Farland's Work on Page 4.

